



NO. 44 00748
MAR 76/CDC

The ALL NEW



FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

Hanna-Barbera
Production

SUPERMAN



00748





The FLINTSTONES KING OF THE HILL



THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 44, March, 1976.

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The FLINTSTONES

OFF TO THE RACES!!

**VABBA-DABBA-
DOO!!** WE'RE GONNA
WIN A BUNDLE
TODAY, SHORTY!!

YEAH, FRED! I PICKED
ALL THE WINNERS
ALREADY!



D-6840

RAY DIRGO / J. GILL

PSST! GENTLEMEN, I HAVE
EIGHT SURE WINNERS
TODAY! FOR JUST ONE
ROCKBUCK....

WE KNOW, PAL!
THAT'S HOW YA
GOT SO RICH!
HEH HEH HEH



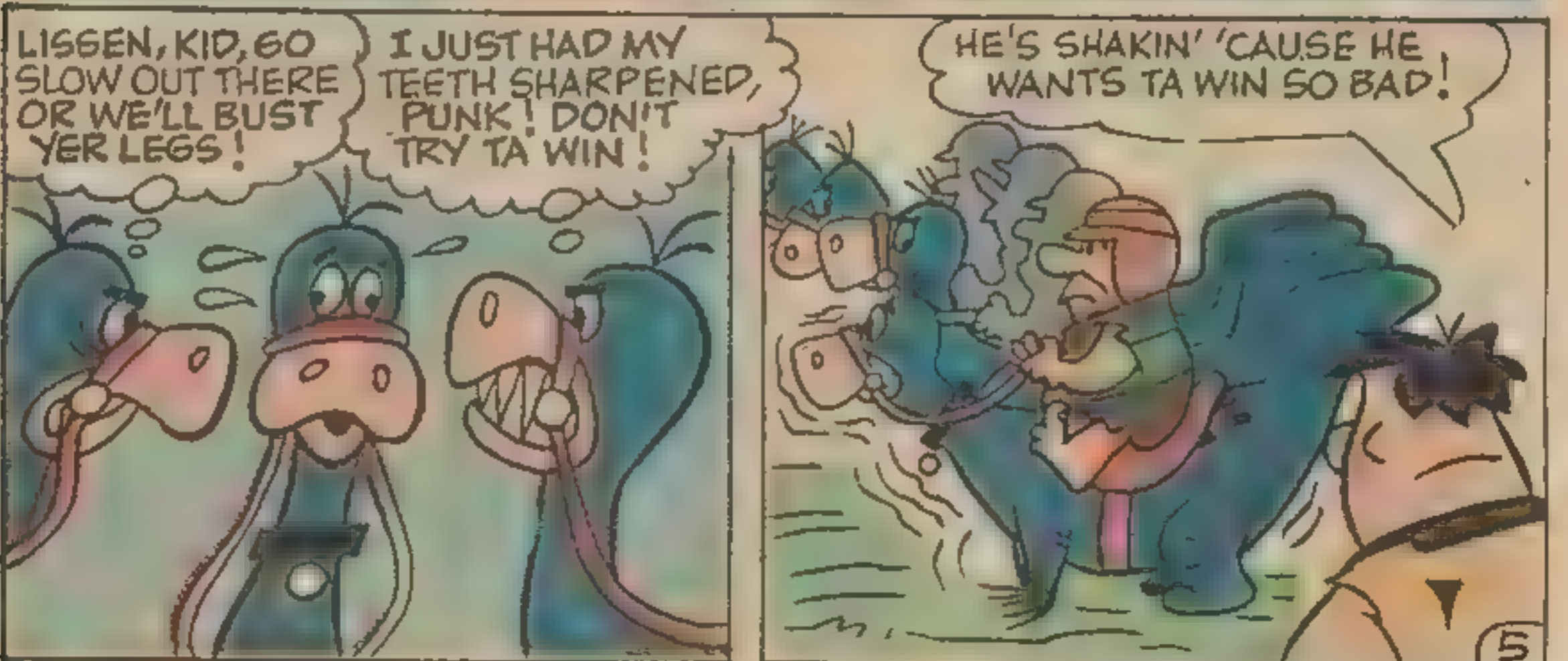
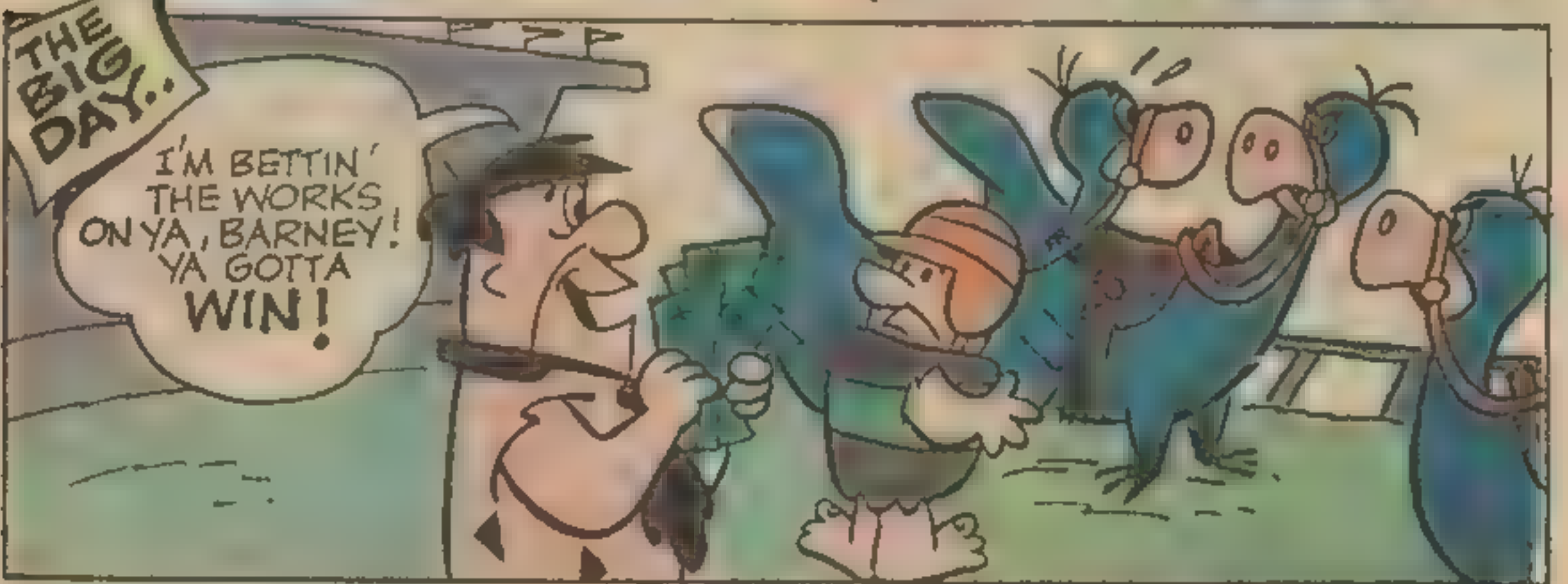
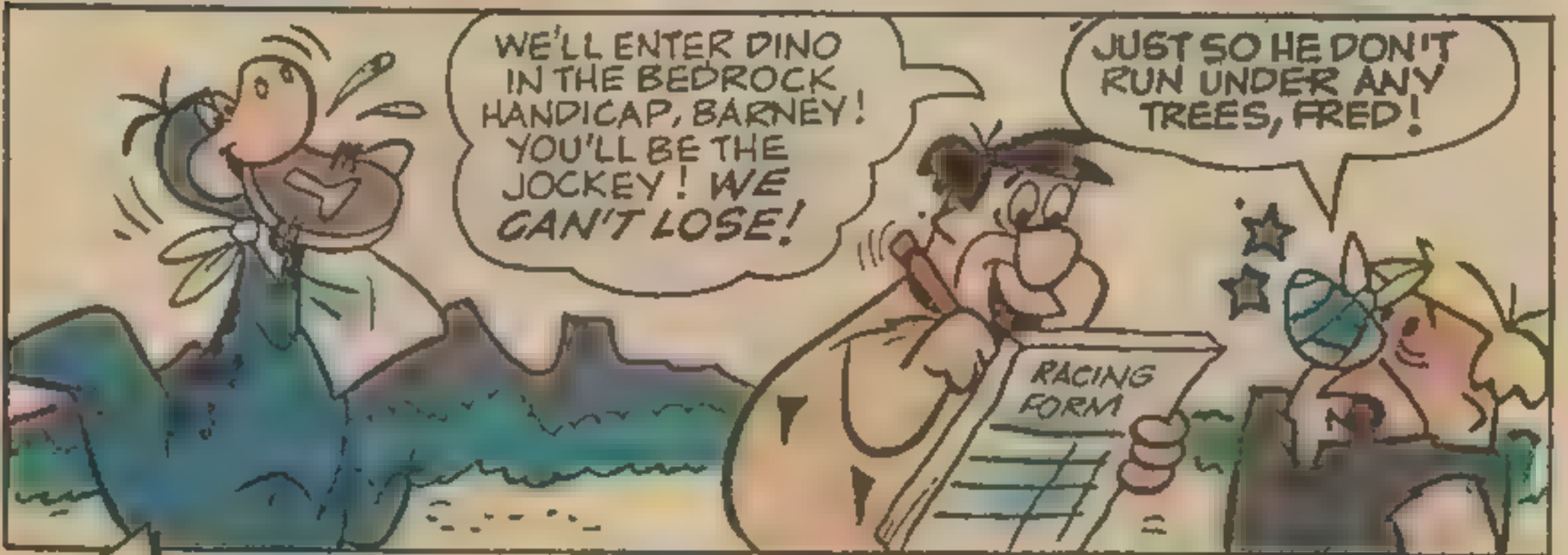
OKAY, RUNT.. NOW, I'M ABOUT
TO PICK THE WINNERS! **HOLD**
MY PROGRAM!

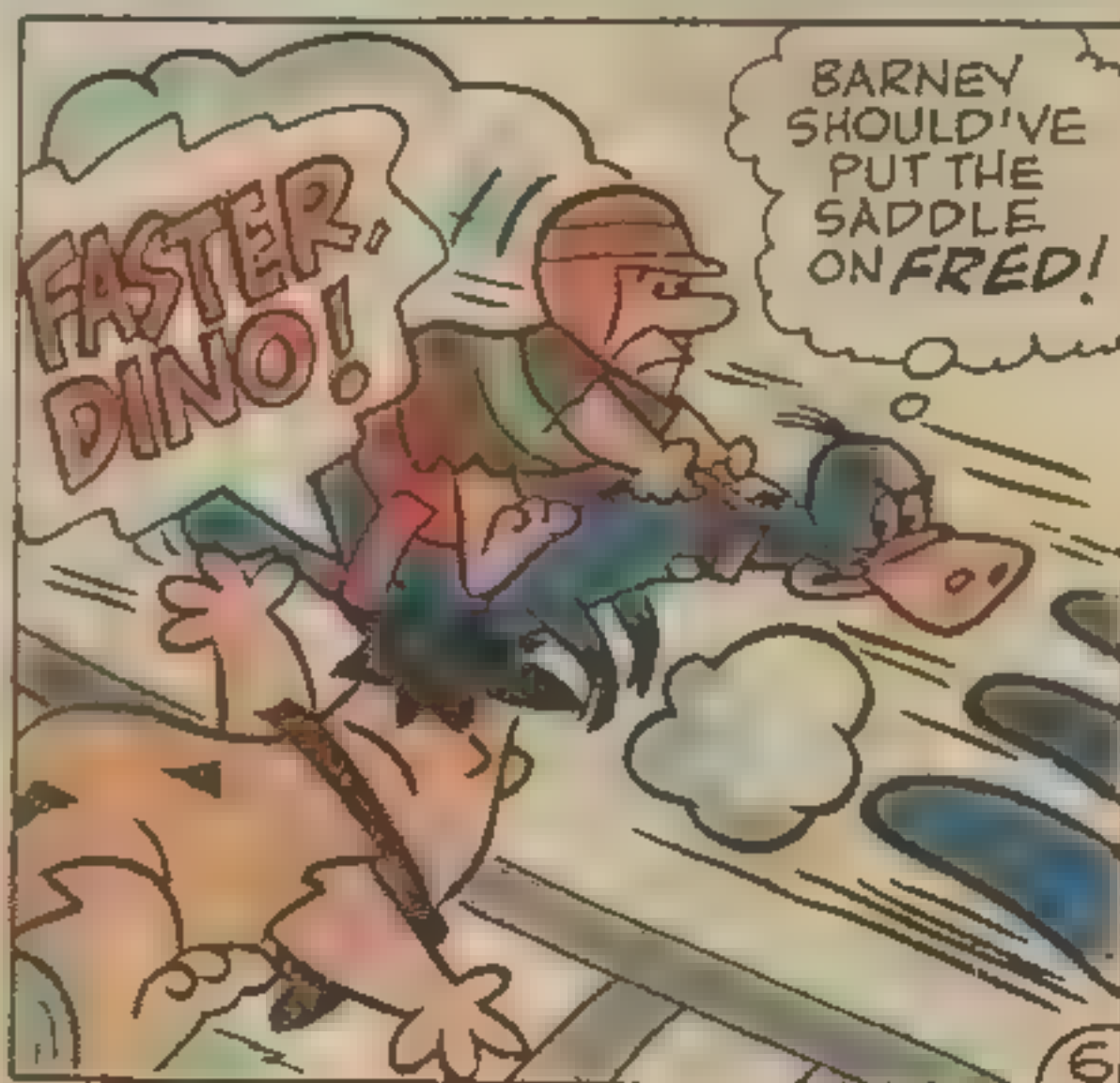
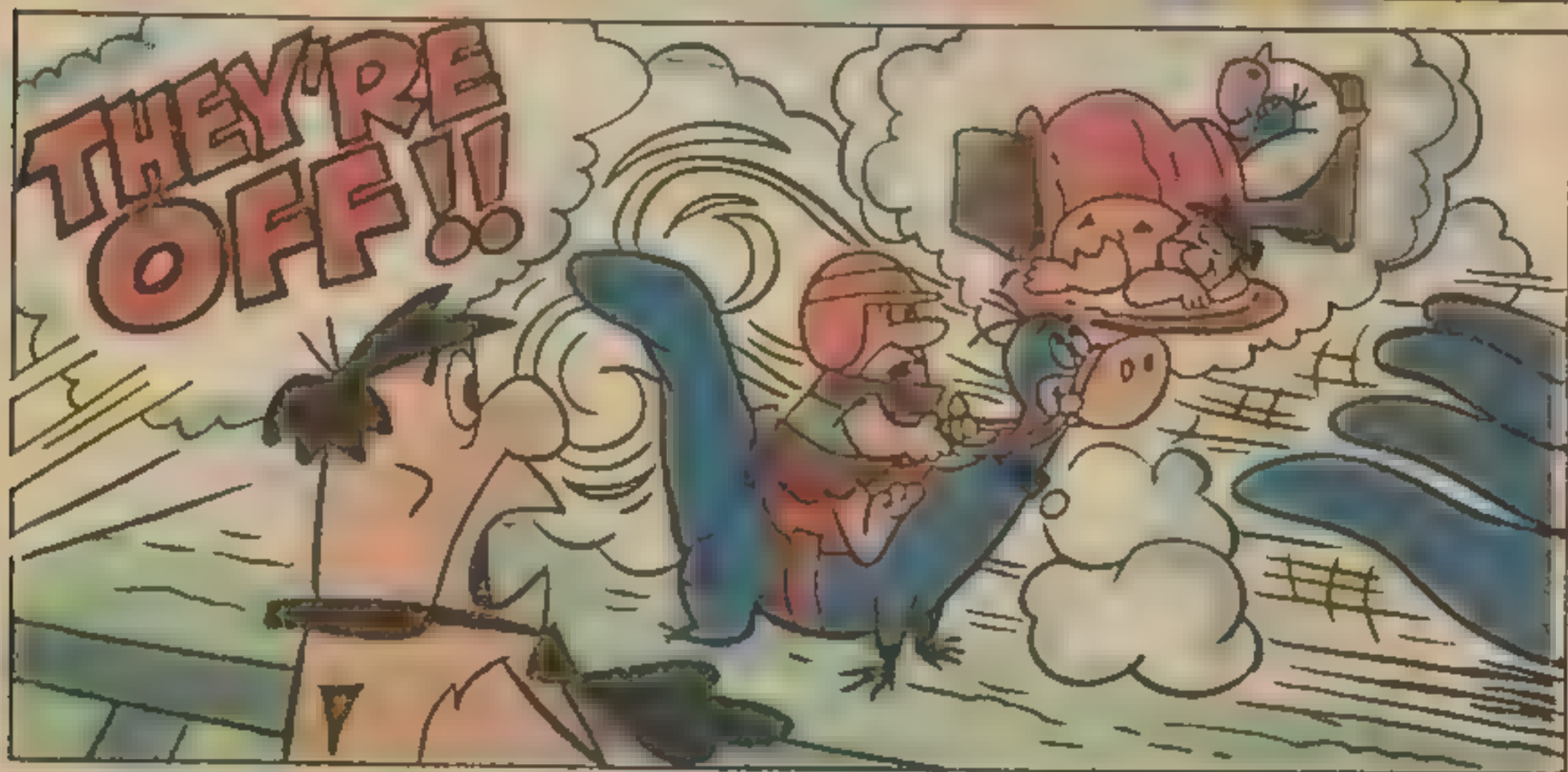
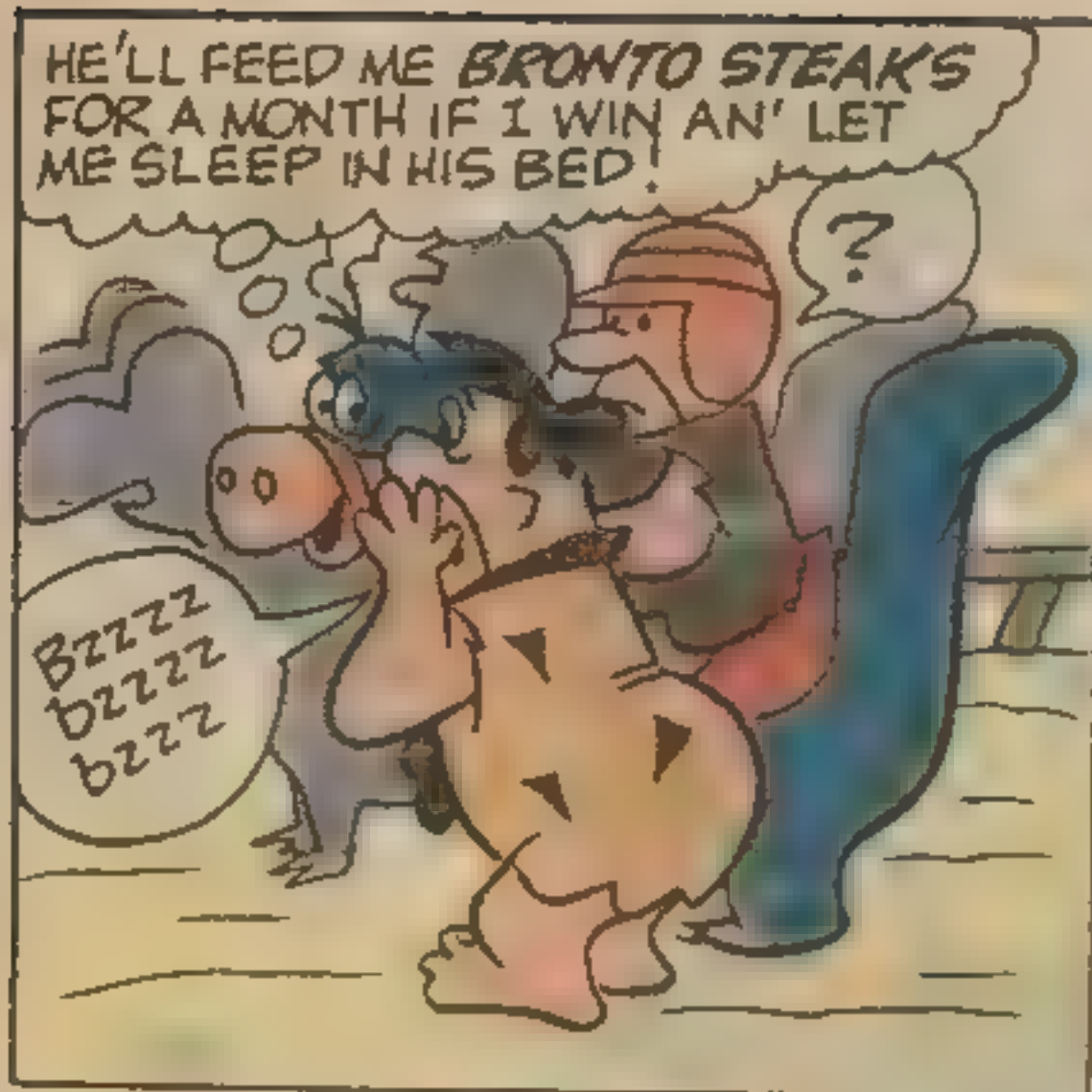


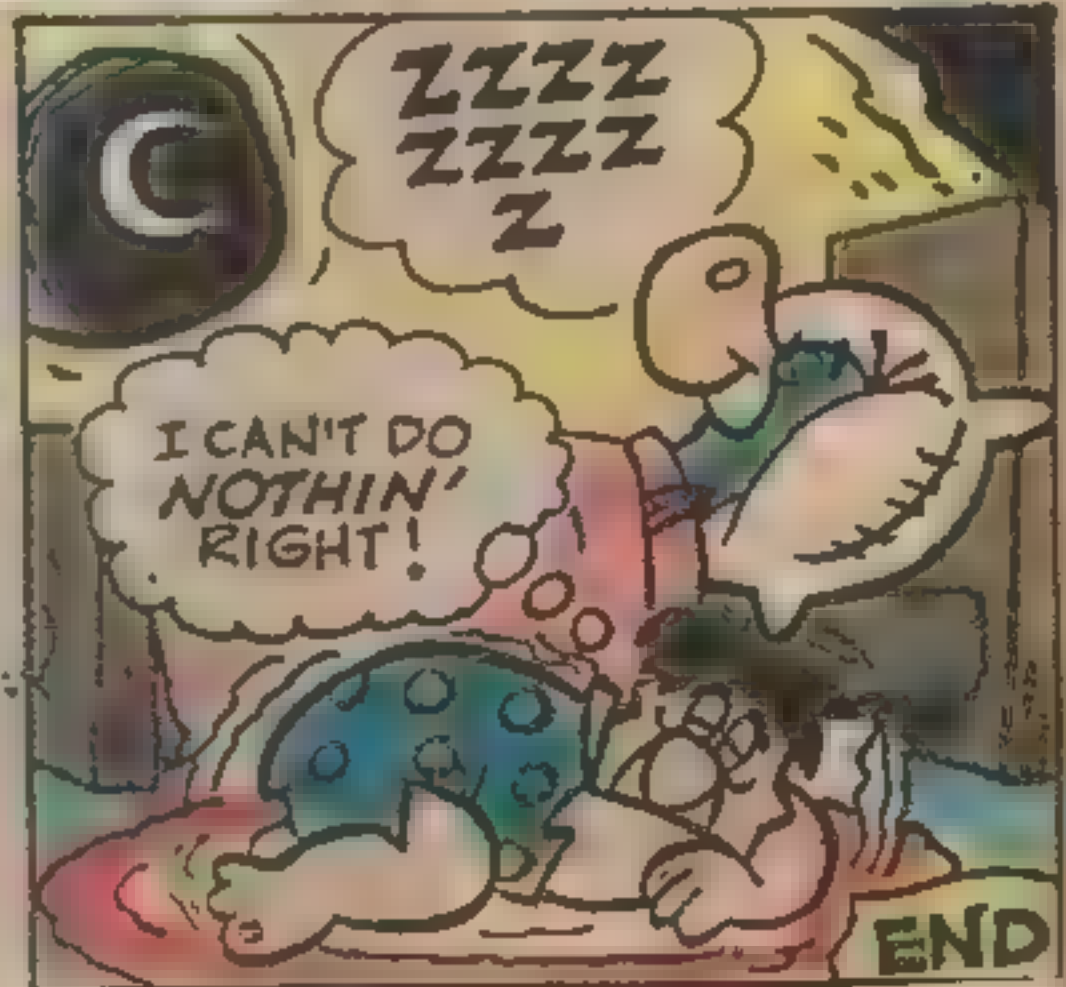
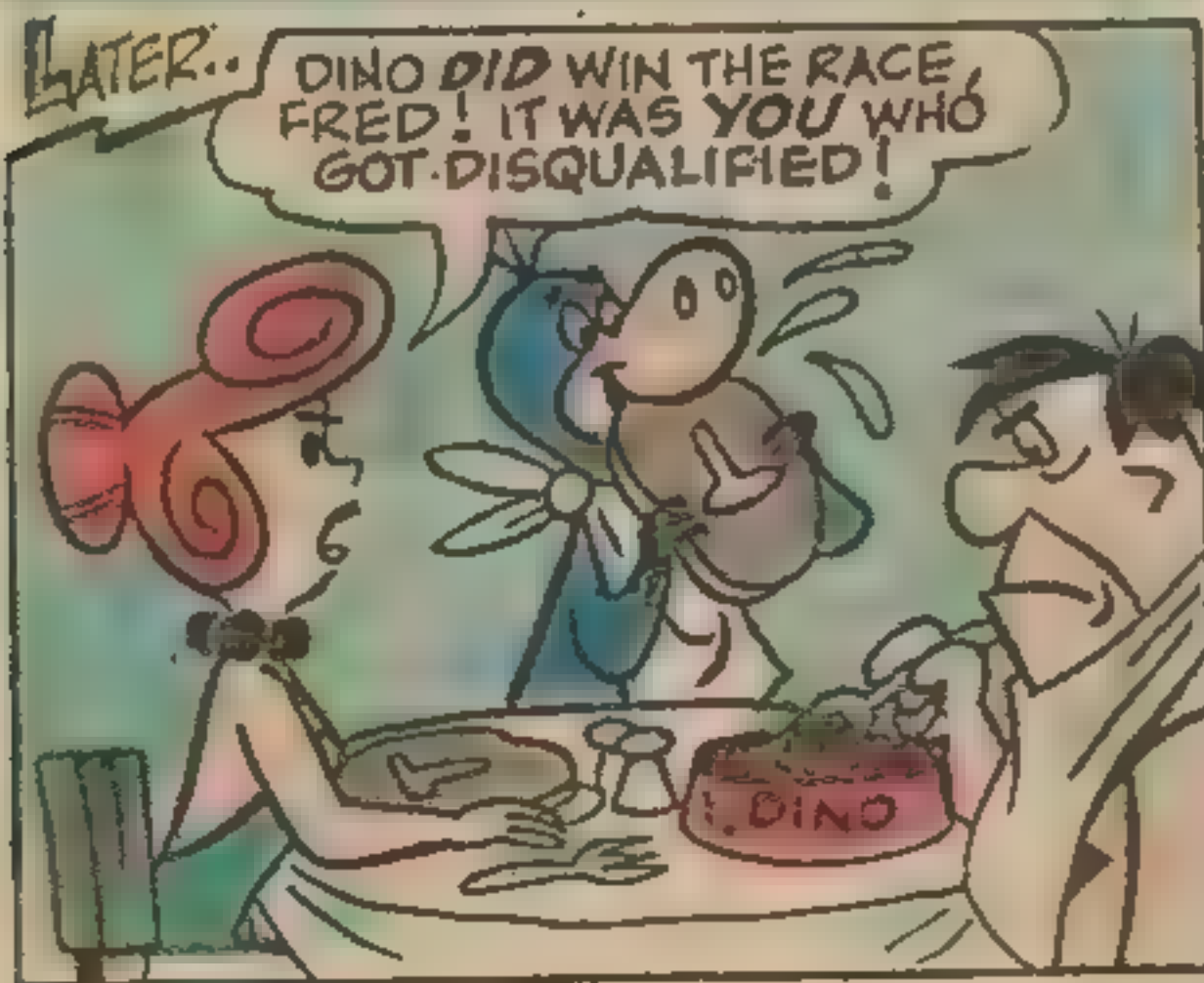
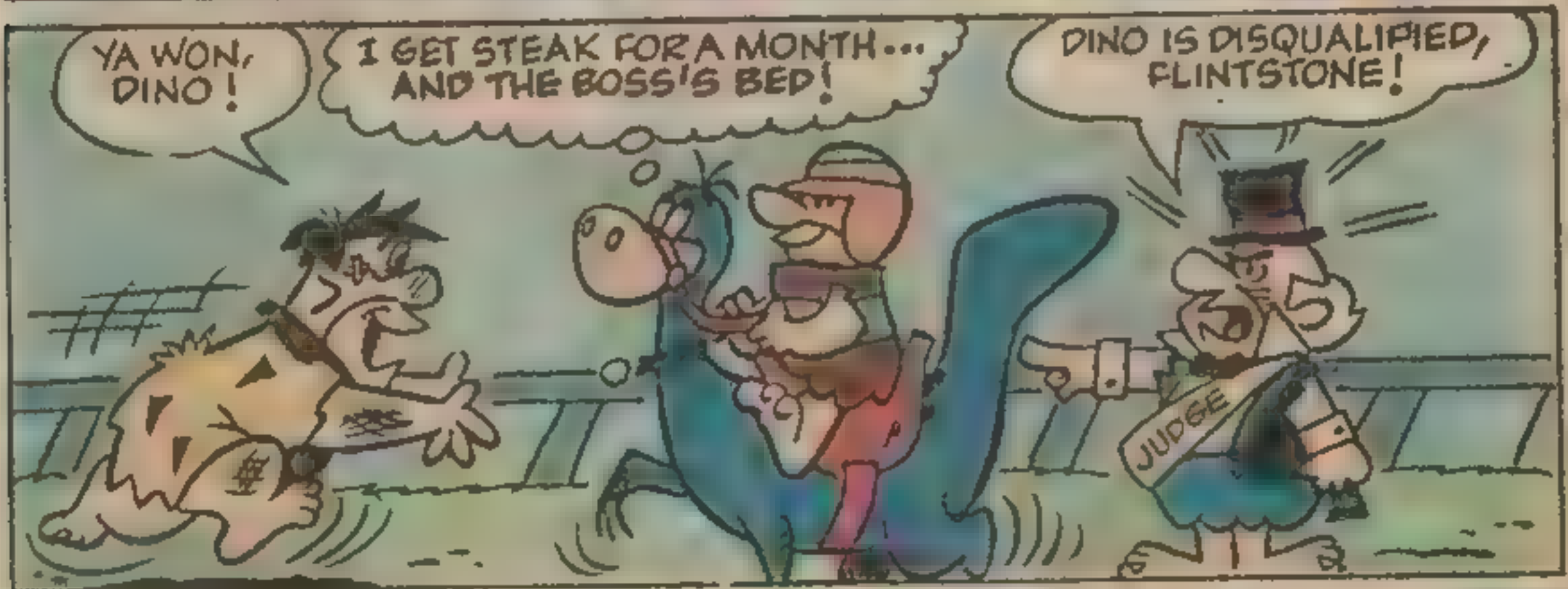
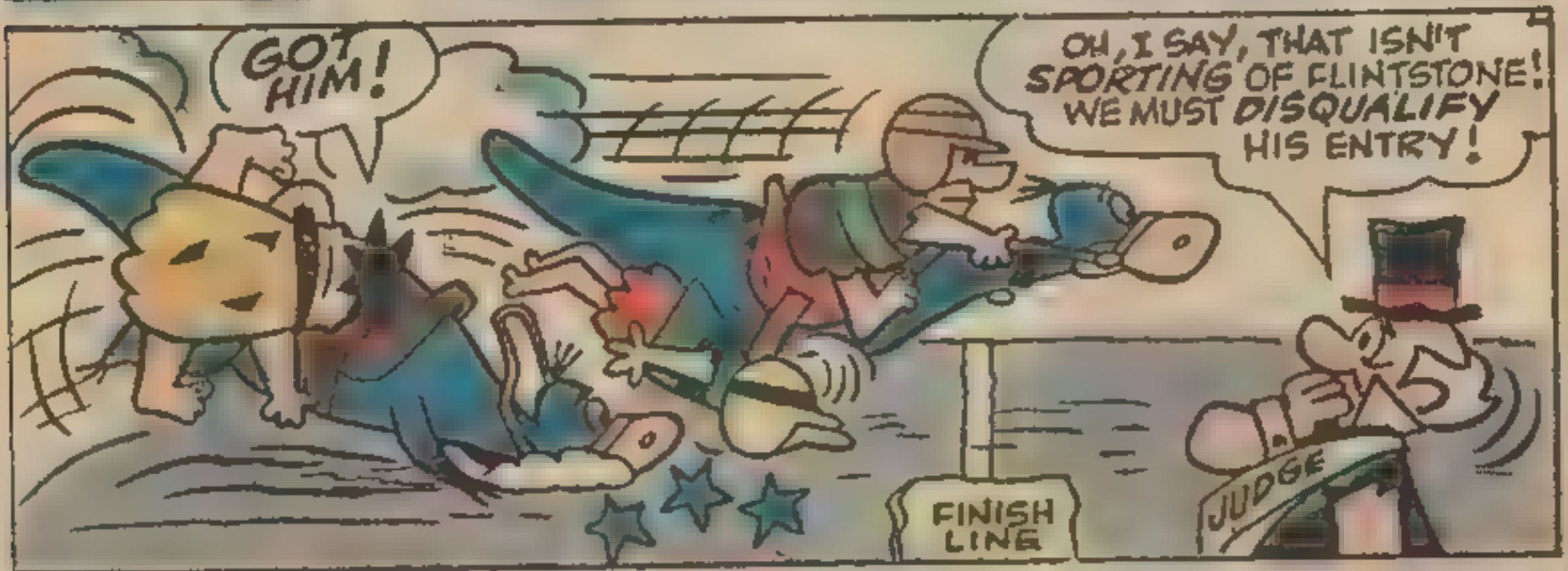
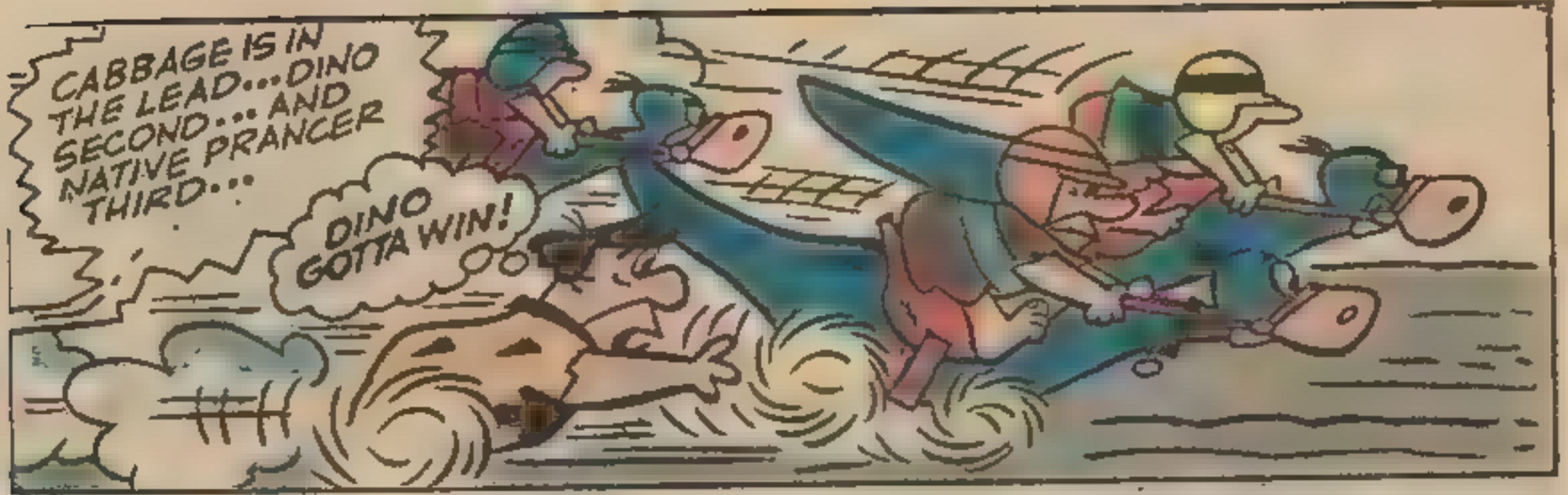












BOWL me DOWN



"Thanks for the dinner, dear. It was delicious," complimented Fred as he hopped up from the table and gave Wilma a fast peck on the cheek. "I've got to rush down to the bowling alley to practice for the annual, team tournament, bowling championship," explained Fred as he dashed toward the hall closet.

"Slow down, Fred," said Wilma. "I don't see why you're so excited about this bowling tournament. You've won plenty of others!"

"This one is different," answered Fred as he jerked open the closet door. "First prize is a big, solid, imitation, gold trophy. I've never won a trophy before. Barney and I and Joe Slate and Tom Shale are the finalists. I really want that trophy, so I've got to practice, practice, practice!" Fred said.

"Wilma! Where's my bowling ball? I know I put it in the closet! I can't bowl without my own ball!" Fred bellowed.

"Are you certain that it's not in there?" asked Wilma as she walked over to her husband. "I saw it in there just a little while ago when baby Pebbles was playing near the closet."

Just then, there was a loud crash in the living room. Fred and Wilma rushed into the other room to see what was going on.

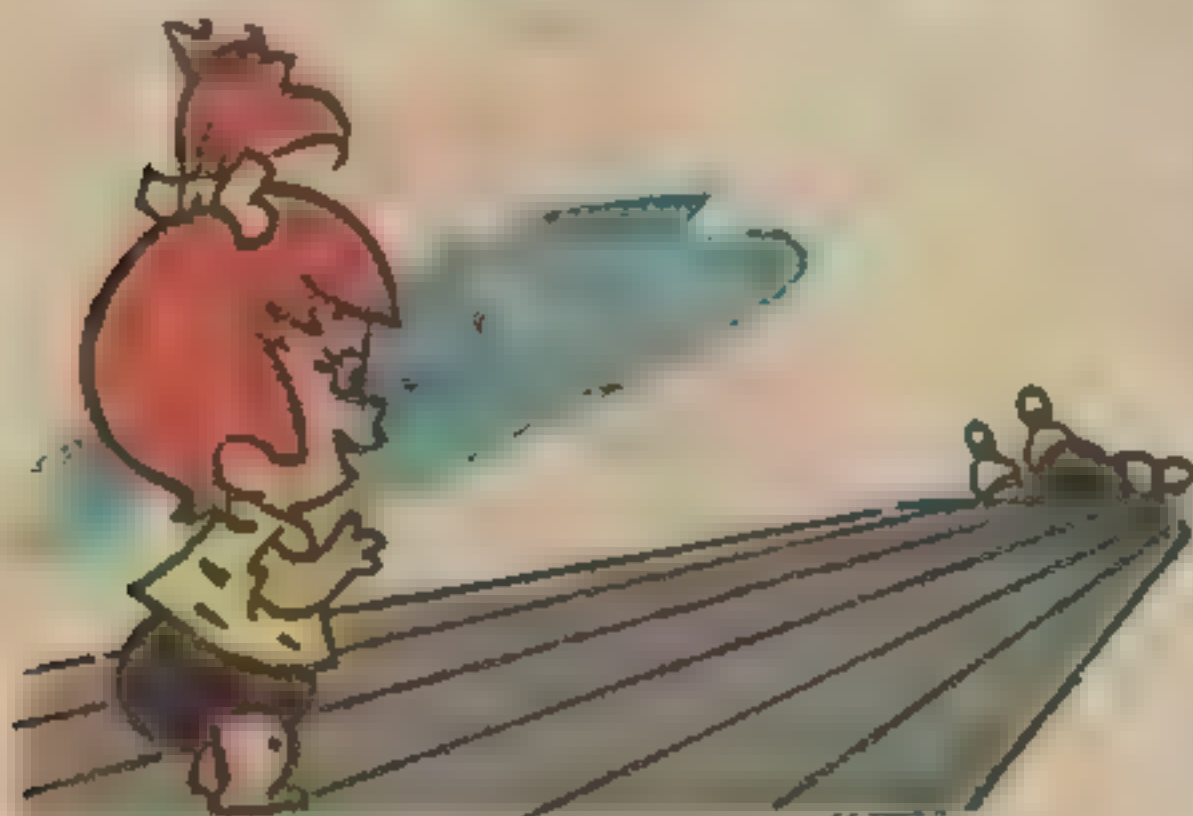
"B-B-Bowl!" muttered Pebbles in baby talk. She was sitting on the living room floor and had rolled Fred's bowling ball across the room. The ball had made a perfect strike. It had knocked over a table.

"Isn't that cute?" said Fred as he picked up Pebbles.

"She wants to bowl just like her daddy does!"

"If they ever have a bowling tournament for babies, I guess we'll have to enter Pebbles. She's a bowling addict already," replied Wilma as she fixed the table.

"You can come and watch Daddy and Uncle Barney win the bowling championship on Saturday night," Fred promised as he handed Pebbles to Wilma. "Right now, Daddy has got to practice, practice, practice!"



Fred scooped up his bowling ball and zoomed out of the house like a flash of lightning. When he got outside, he bumped head first into Barney.

"Where have you been, Fred?" asked Barney as he rubbed his sore forehead. "I've been waiting for you!"

"There is no time to explain," replied Fred. "It's getting late. Tomorrow is the championship match. Let's get down to the bowling alley."

Fred helped up his stunned partner. The two bowlers grabbed their bowling bags and raced off toward the Bedrock Bowling Alley.

"You're in great form tonight, Freddie, my boy!" complimented Barney when the two pals reached the alley and started to bowl. "You've got six strikes in a row. You're dynamite!"

"Watch me set off another explosion, Rubble, old

buddy!" answered Fred as he picked up his bowling ball and made his approach to the lane. Fred released the ball and it zipped down the alley toward the head pin like a guided missile. The Flintstone powered, bowling ball smashed into the pins and knocked them flying! It was Fred's seventh strike in a row!

"We'll kill Slate and Shale tomorrow night," announced Fred happily.

"That trophy is as good as ours right now," replied Barney as he patted Fred on the back.

On Saturday night, Betty and Bamm-Bamm and Wilma and Pebbles were at the bowling alley to watch the final match of the championship. It was a close game. Fred had to bowl next. If he got a strike, the boys would win! If he didn't, they would lose. It was their last chance.

"Here's your ball, Freddie boy. Get a strike and that trophy goes home with us," said Barney as he handed Fred his ball. Just then, Barney accidentally dropped the ball and it landed right on Fred's bowling hand. Fred screamed in pain. His hand was smashed. It was so swollen that he wouldn't be able to bowl the final frame.

"You'll have to bowl for me, Barney," Fred said. "I can't even hold the ball."

"Rubble can't bowl for you," laughed Joe Slate. "The name on the card reads: Flintstone! If Flintstone doesn't bowl, then you lose and the trophy is ours!"

Baby Pebbles crawled out onto the alley while everyone was arguing. She pushed Fred's ball and it started to roll down the alley toward the pins.

"Hey! That's no fair! That kid is bowling in your place," said Joe Slate as he pointed at Pebbles.

"It's fair! That's my daughter. Her name is Flintstone, and Flintstone is the name on the card!"

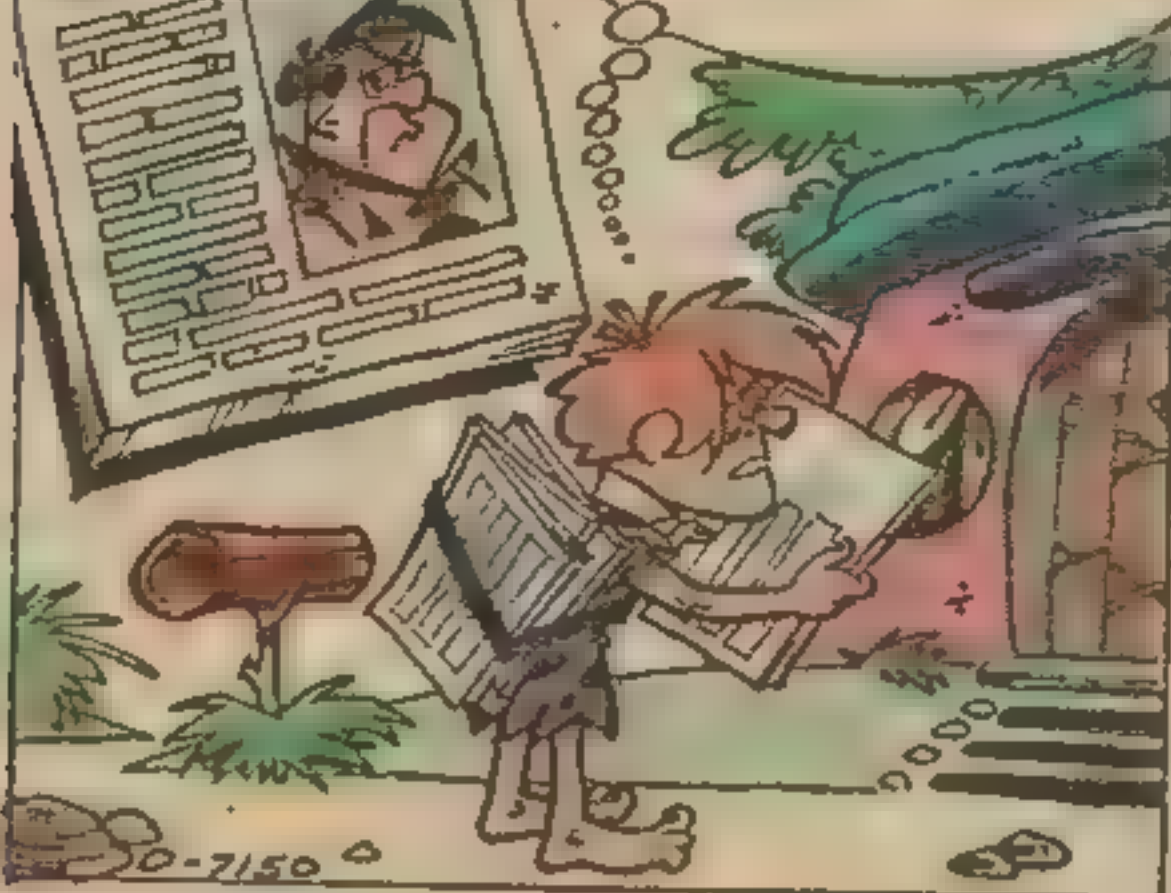
"Oh no, we lose!" cried Slate as Pebbles' ball knocked down all of the pins for a strike.

The Flintstone - Rubble team won the trophy. Pebbles had saved the day. She got a free ride home right inside of the huge trophy.



PAPER
CAPER

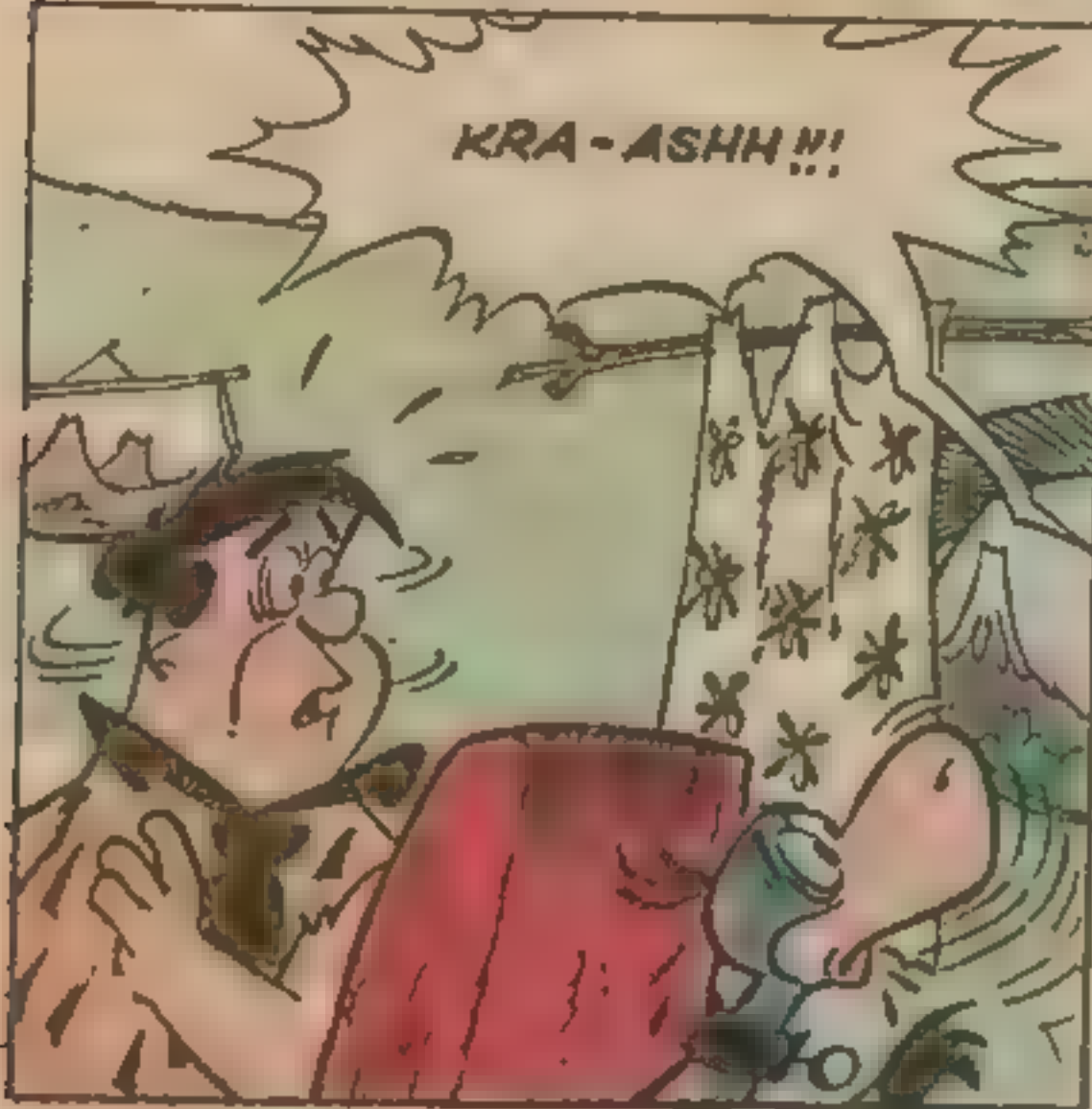
THESE LATE
EDITIONS ARE
VERY HEAVY!



DAILY SLAB!

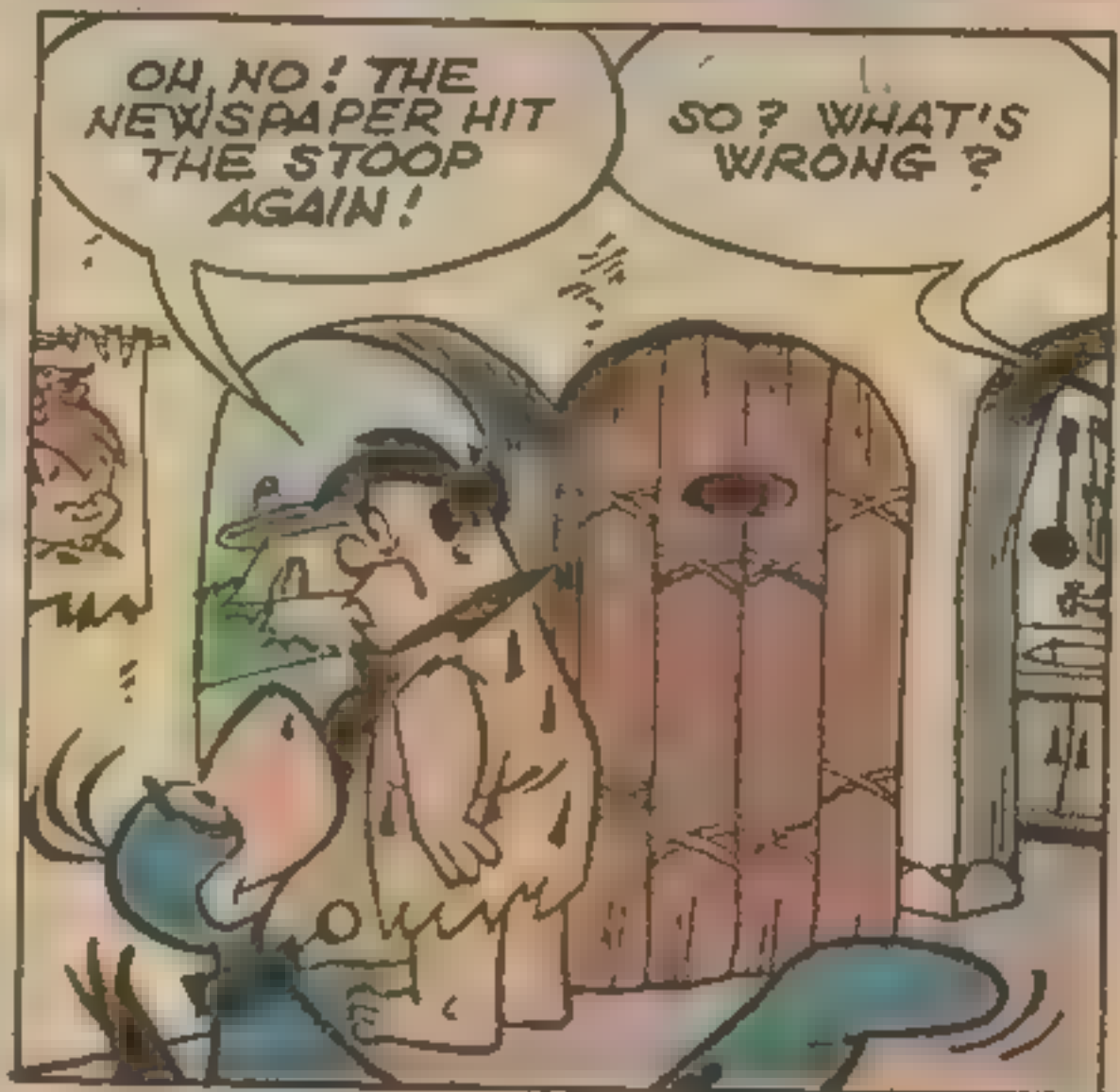


KRA-ASHH!!



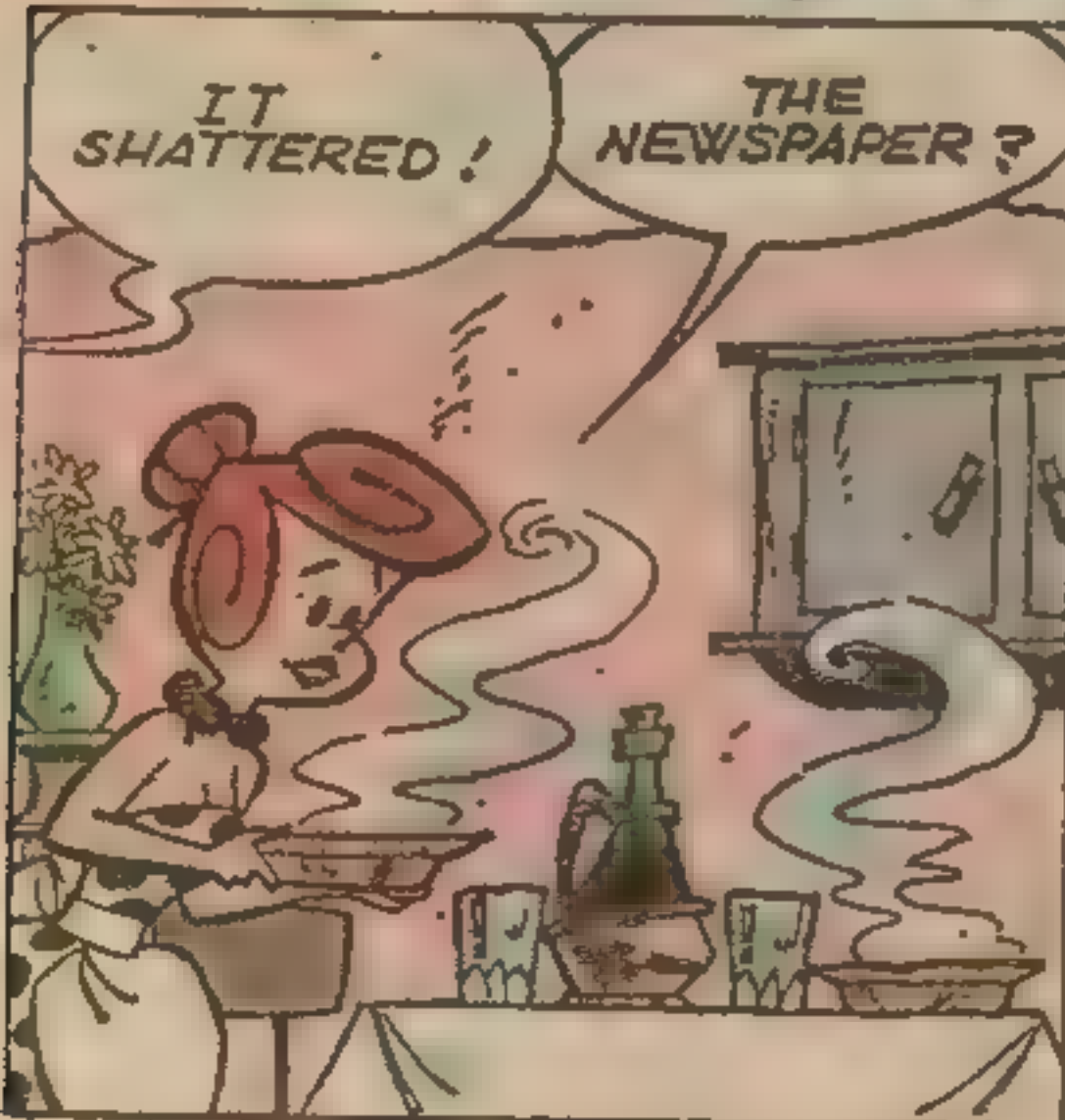
OH NO! THE
NEWSPAPER HIT
THE STOOP
AGAIN!

SO? WHAT'S
WRONG?

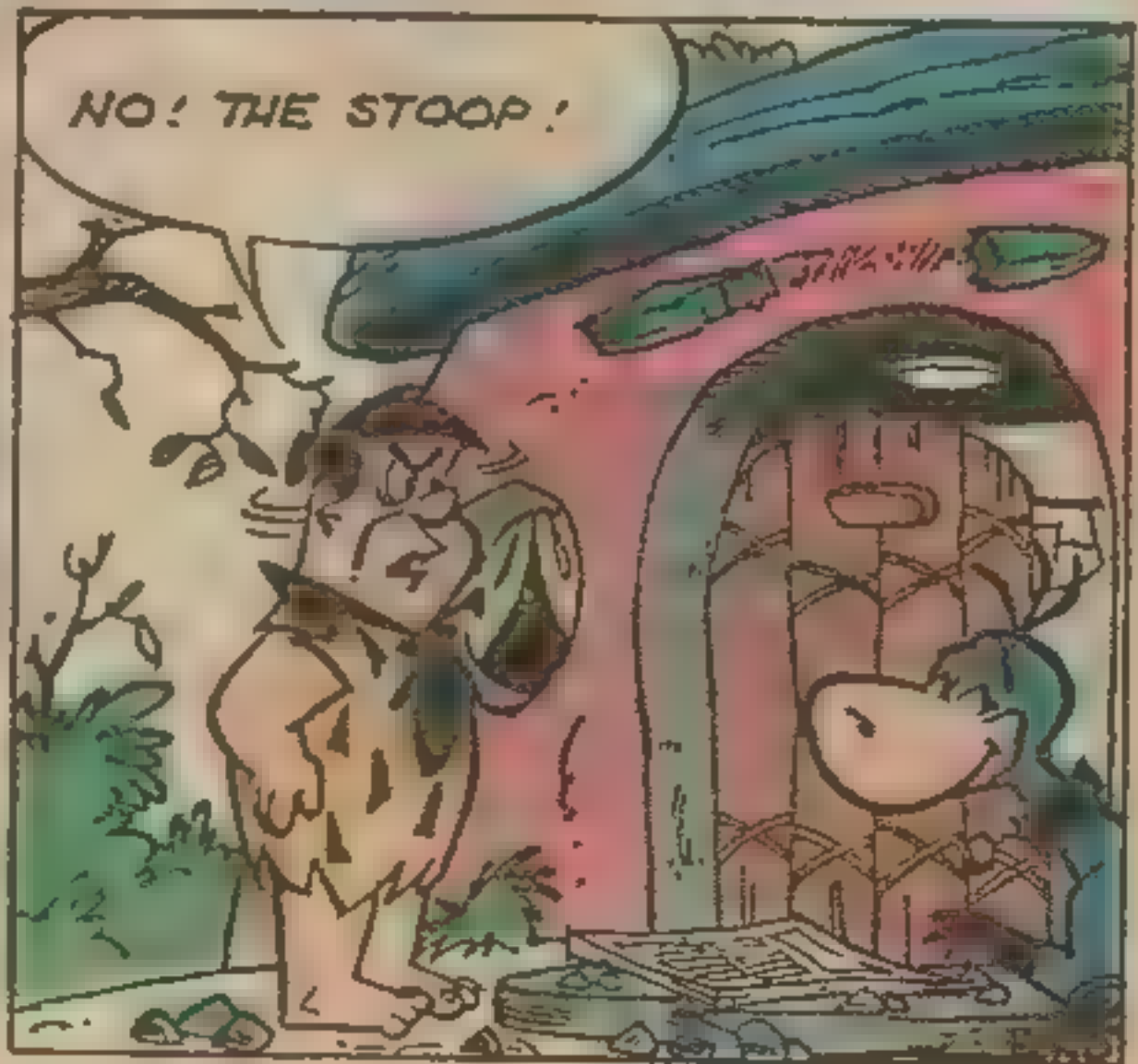


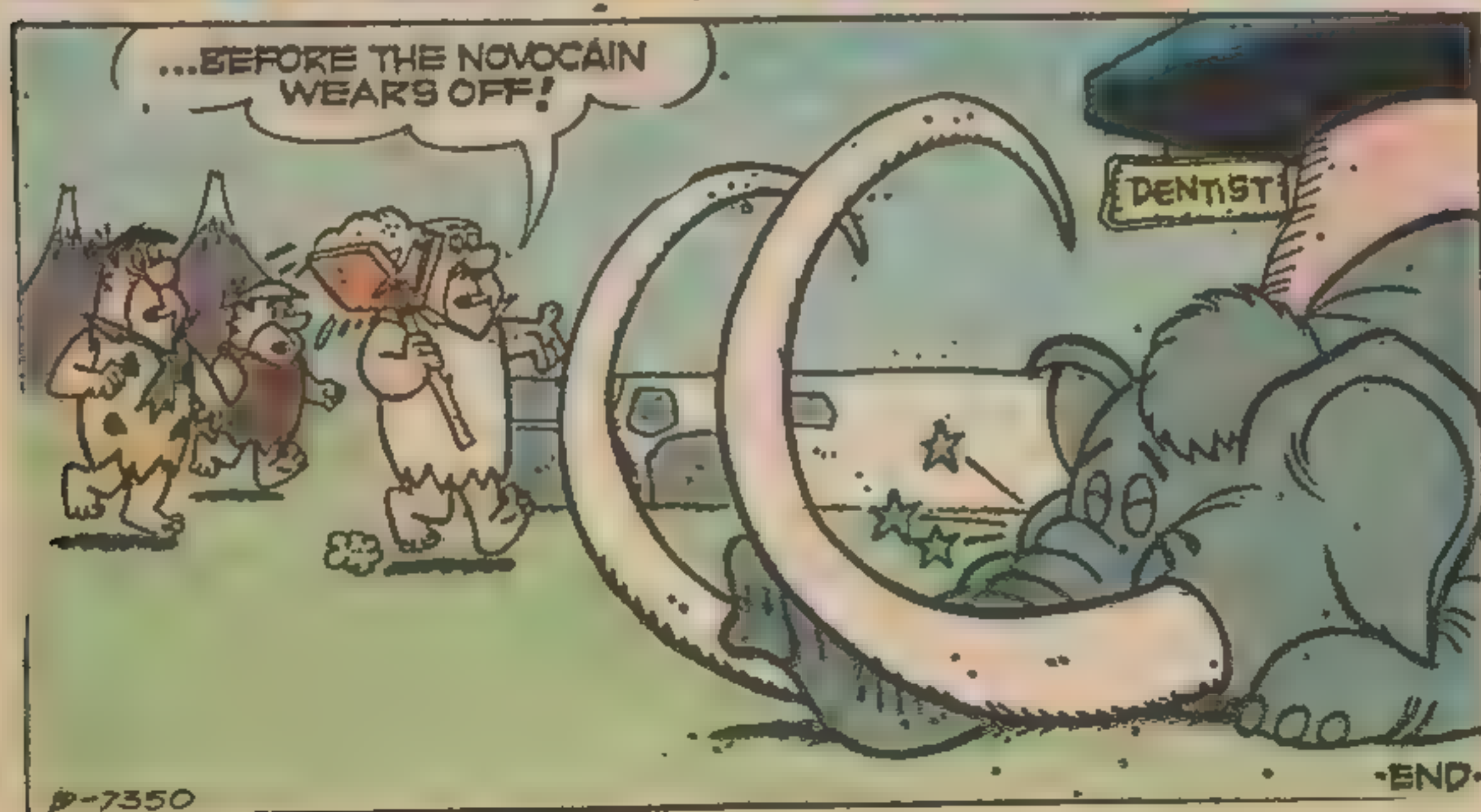
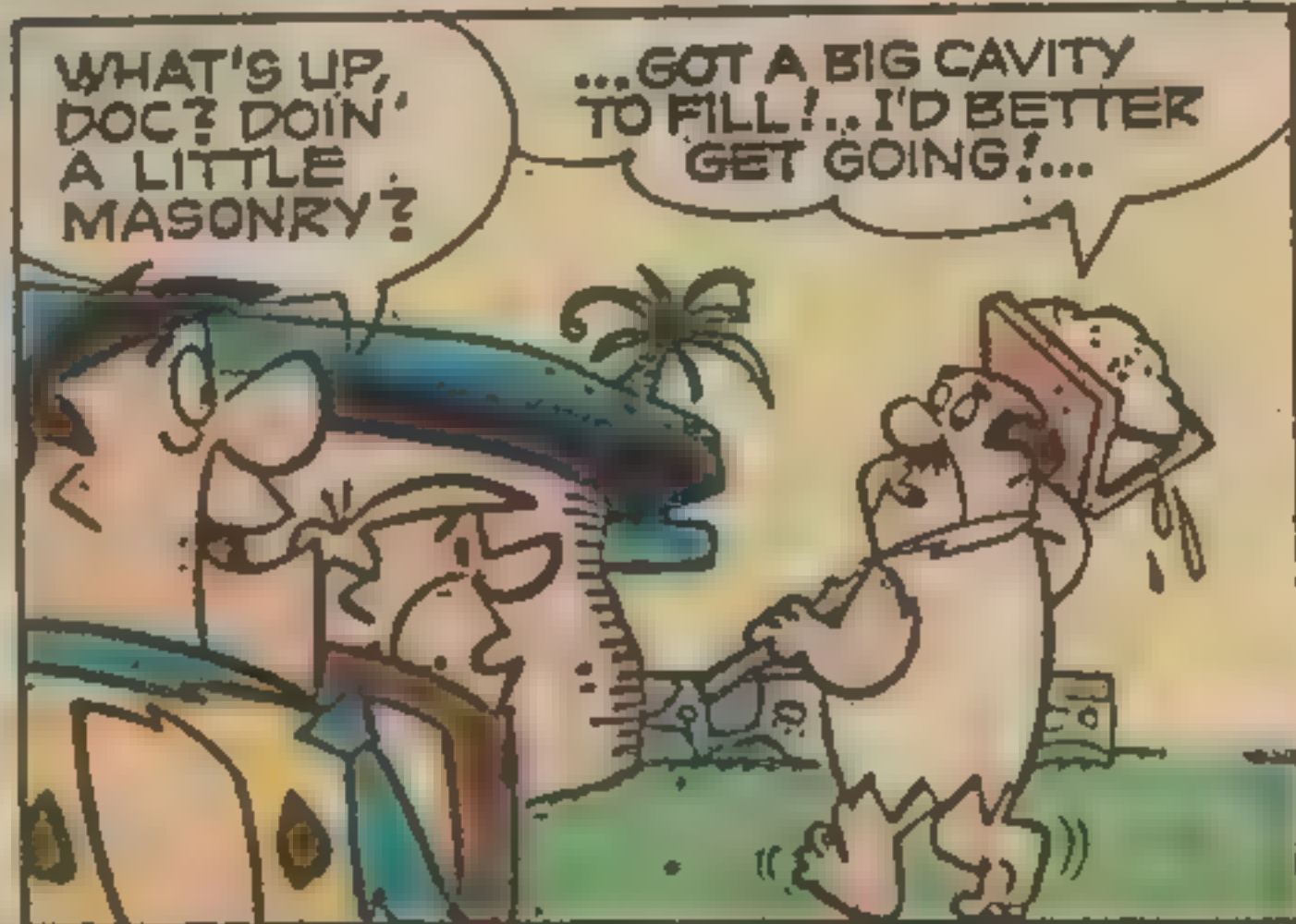
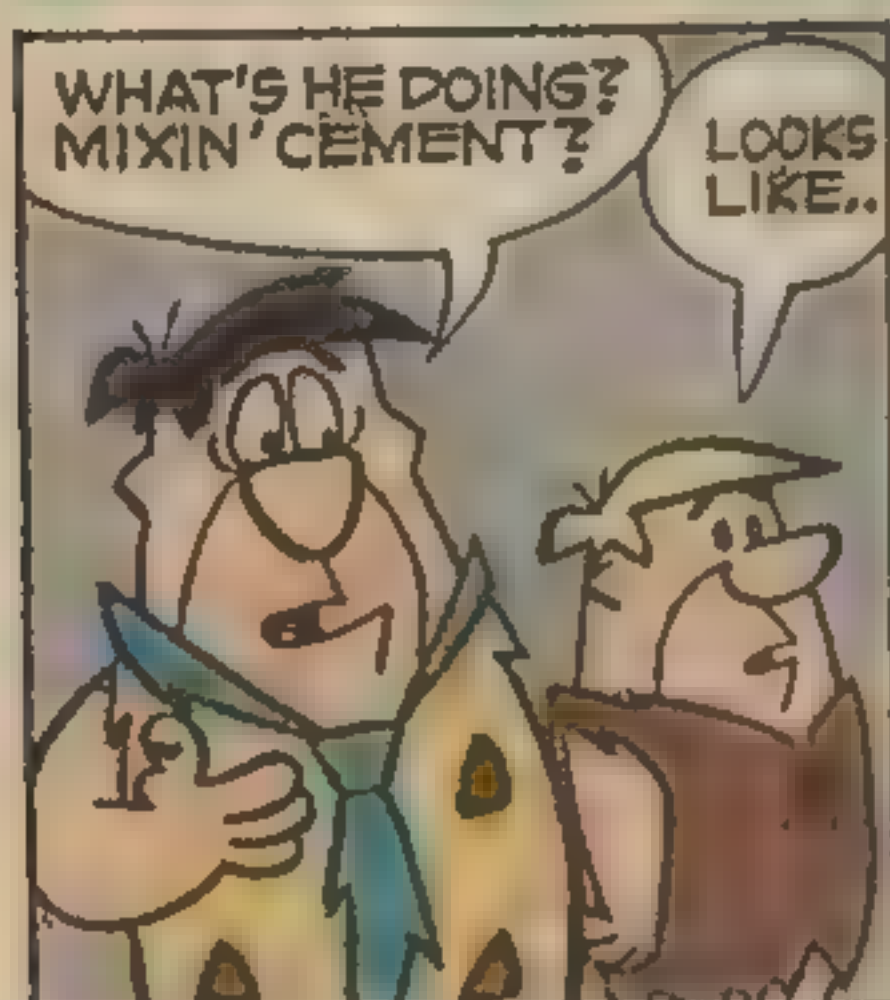
IT
SHATTERED!

THE
NEWSPAPER?



NO! THE STOOP!





The FLINTSTONES in the **MAGIKIAN**

